

THE STORY-TELLING MACHINE

Being the Queer Object Found by Buster John, Sweetest Susan, Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, Under the Guidance of Wally Wanderoon.

The Children go to Visit Billy Biscuit and on the Way Discover the Old Man Who is Looking For Good Times We Used to Have.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

(Copyrighted, 1903, by S. S. McClure Co.)

The surrender of General Lee's army, and the emancipation of the negroes, made a great change in the prospects and prosperity of the Southern people, and brought about many results, which, while disagreeable in themselves, have since worked to the advantage of the whole country. Such country gentlemen as Mr. Abernethy, who, it will be remembered, was the grandfather of Buster John and Sweetest Susan, were compelled to give up the wholesome lives they had been leading, and look elsewhere for the means of making their living.

But Mr. Abernethy was more fortunately situated than the great majority of the Southern planters. Some of his former slaves had gone off with the Federal army, and others had wandered away, seeking to better their condition. But with one or two exceptions, they all came back to the old place, and announced that they were not only ready, but eager to take up their work where they had left

off. Under the changed conditions this could not be, but to each one who was willing to enter into a contract, the terms of which were simple and complete, a parcel of land was allotted and he was duly installed as tenant. When the contract had been made plain to them, they were quite ready to make their marks on the document, and all were willing that Aaron, the son of Ben Ali, should act as general superintendent.

Under the terms of the contract, each tenant was to be provided with a half year's supply of provisions, seed for sowing, and implements for tilling the soil. In the allotments of land to the tenants, the husband and wife that were together, as in the case of Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, were given a parcel at the farthest limits of the plantation, which was nearly three miles from the home place, and not very far from the mountains. Drusilla, who, as we all know, lived Billy Biscuit and Cawky the Crow.

This arrangement suited Drusilla and her husband very well. The success of Mr. Bobs as a small farmer had made a very deep impression on both whites and blacks in that neighborhood, and Drusilla's husband made up his mind to discover how a good crop can be made on a bad season. For her part, Drusilla was very glad to get a vacation from the kitchen. She had been cooking for many years, and the business had grown somewhat monotonous, especially since the beginning of the war, an event that marked the decay of the old social customs that had kept the houses of the country gentlemen full of company half the year. With company in the house, Drusilla had no objection to cooking; in fact, she delighted in it. For then she had an excuse to practice it as an art. But day in and day out with nothing to cook but the plainest food, and no company to serve as an excuse for an extra dish or two, cooking became tiresome; and Drusilla was glad to get away from the kitchen.

The only member of her family who was not glad of the change was Drusilla, and she didn't like it at all. She had been brought up with playmates to choose from as it were, and she was in no mind to bury herself in the solitude of a cabin, which was not only far from the home place, but was a structure being made of logs and plastered with clay, but when the cabin was completed, and they had settled down to a life as lonely as if they were in the midst of the wilderness, Drusilla began to grow very restless. She pined for the companionship of other children, and she was constantly beseeching her mother with requests to be allowed to go back to the home place and spend the day with Buster John and Sweetest Susan.

The distance from Drusilla's new home to the Abernethy place was nearly three miles, but little she could do to get so long as she could find playmates. She went as often as she could, but the more she went the more she wanted to go, and finally, Drusilla decided to "lay down the law" to her. Then Drusilla suddenly remembered that Mr. Bobs lived not very far away, and that by going to his place, she would have an opportunity to play with Billy Biscuit. Thereupon she began to plead with her mother to allow her to go and see Billy.

While she was begging and pleading one day, Drusilla heard some one calling from the head of the narrow lane that ran from the cabin to the road. "Hush! you big mouth! Hush, I tell you," said Drusilla to herself. "Don't you hear some one hollerin' dey head off? I hear wally dey sayin' if you keep on rattlin' you tongue like a cow-bell?"

Then Drusilla, with real joy, heard the voice of Sweetest Susan calling her, and when it seemed that she could not be heard, Drusilla came to her assistance, and called, Drusilla, without waiting to ask her mother, ran down the lane to the cabin, and when she was alone, she saw that as she was to see them. They were going to spend the day with Billy Biscuit.

"Don't you hear some one hollerin' dey head off?"

making fun of people that way you'll be sorry some day. "I ain't a little bit er laughin'! I done aln't gwine ter hurt de man. I hear um say dat some folks kin keep um laughin' when dey see sumpin' funny, but dat ain't de way wid me. When I want ter laugh, I'm bleegee ter laugh er bust." They went on and left the little old man poking and prodding in the bushes man poking and prodding about in the bushes with his walking-cane, and soon forgot all about him in pleasure they had at seeing Billy Biscuit again. A part of this pleasure grew out of the curious cypress tree that Billy cut when he saw them. He ran round and round with his arms spread out as the ducks spread their wings when they are at play and then, to cap the climax, he dropped on the floor, got on his all-fours, and before you could count two had changed himself into a pig; and before you could find out what kind of a pig he was—Chester White or the razor-back variety—he had changed

himself into a puppy, and galloped around barking gayly.

This was the way little Billy Biscuit showed his joy at seeing his friends again, for he was not much of a talker. They all had a good time together, until, finally, when they were tired of Spot the house dog, and of Cawky the tame Crow, little old man happened to remember the little old man who had been by the roadside and he no longer remembered the little old man than he began to inquire about him. Indeed, Drusilla John asked so many questions without getting him, that Drusilla, who was sitting by the fire, began to wonder what Drusilla John was asking for. "Well, then," said Drusilla John, "wally dey sayin' if you keep on rattlin' you tongue like a cow-bell?"

Then Drusilla, with real joy, heard the voice of Sweetest Susan calling her, and when it seemed that she could not be heard, Drusilla came to her assistance, and called, Drusilla, without waiting to ask her mother, ran down the lane to the cabin, and when she was alone, she saw that as she was to see them. They were going to spend the day with Billy Biscuit.

Under the changed conditions this could not be, but to each one who was willing to enter into a contract, the terms of which were simple and complete, a parcel of land was allotted and he was duly installed as tenant. When the contract had been made plain to them, they were quite ready to make their marks on the document, and all were willing that Aaron, the son of Ben Ali, should act as general superintendent.

Under the terms of the contract, each tenant was to be provided with a half year's supply of provisions, seed for sowing, and implements for tilling the soil. In the allotments of land to the tenants, the husband and wife that were together, as in the case of Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, were given a parcel at the farthest limits of the plantation, which was nearly three miles from the home place, and not very far from the mountains. Drusilla, who, as we all know, lived Billy Biscuit and Cawky the Crow.

This arrangement suited Drusilla and her husband very well. The success of Mr. Bobs as a small farmer had made a very deep impression on both whites and blacks in that neighborhood, and Drusilla's husband made up his mind to discover how a good crop can be made on a bad season. For her part, Drusilla was very glad to get a vacation from the kitchen. She had been cooking for many years, and the business had grown somewhat monotonous, especially since the beginning of the war, an event that marked the decay of the old social customs that had kept the houses of the country gentlemen full of company half the year. With company in the house, Drusilla had no objection to cooking; in fact, she delighted in it. For then she had an excuse to practice it as an art. But day in and day out with nothing to cook but the plainest food, and no company to serve as an excuse for an extra dish or two, cooking became tiresome; and Drusilla was glad to get away from the kitchen.

The only member of her family who was not glad of the change was Drusilla, and she didn't like it at all. She had been brought up with playmates to choose from as it were, and she was in no mind to bury herself in the solitude of a cabin, which was not only far from the home place, but was a structure being made of logs and plastered with clay, but when the cabin was completed, and they had settled down to a life as lonely as if they were in the midst of the wilderness, Drusilla began to grow very restless. She pined for the companionship of other children, and she was constantly beseeching her mother with requests to be allowed to go back to the home place and spend the day with Buster John and Sweetest Susan.

The distance from Drusilla's new home to the Abernethy place was nearly three miles, but little she could do to get so long as she could find playmates. She went as often as she could, but the more she went the more she wanted to go, and finally, Drusilla decided to "lay down the law" to her. Then Drusilla suddenly remembered that Mr. Bobs lived not very far away, and that by going to his place, she would have an opportunity to play with Billy Biscuit. Thereupon she began to plead with her mother to allow her to go and see Billy.

While she was begging and pleading one day, Drusilla heard some one calling from the head of the narrow lane that ran from the cabin to the road. "Hush! you big mouth! Hush, I tell you," said Drusilla to herself. "Don't you hear some one hollerin' dey head off? I hear wally dey sayin' if you keep on rattlin' you tongue like a cow-bell?"

Then Drusilla, with real joy, heard the voice of Sweetest Susan calling her, and when it seemed that she could not be heard, Drusilla came to her assistance, and called, Drusilla, without waiting to ask her mother, ran down the lane to the cabin, and when she was alone, she saw that as she was to see them. They were going to spend the day with Billy Biscuit.

Under the changed conditions this could not be, but to each one who was willing to enter into a contract, the terms of which were simple and complete, a parcel of land was allotted and he was duly installed as tenant. When the contract had been made plain to them, they were quite ready to make their marks on the document, and all were willing that Aaron, the son of Ben Ali, should act as general superintendent.

Under the terms of the contract, each tenant was to be provided with a half year's supply of provisions, seed for sowing, and implements for tilling the soil. In the allotments of land to the tenants, the husband and wife that were together, as in the case of Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, were given a parcel at the farthest limits of the plantation, which was nearly three miles from the home place, and not very far from the mountains. Drusilla, who, as we all know, lived Billy Biscuit and Cawky the Crow.

This arrangement suited Drusilla and her husband very well. The success of Mr. Bobs as a small farmer had made a very deep impression on both whites and blacks in that neighborhood, and Drusilla's husband made up his mind to discover how a good crop can be made on a bad season. For her part, Drusilla was very glad to get a vacation from the kitchen. She had been cooking for many years, and the business had grown somewhat monotonous, especially since the beginning of the war, an event that marked the decay of the old social customs that had kept the houses of the country gentlemen full of company half the year. With company in the house, Drusilla had no objection to cooking; in fact, she delighted in it. For then she had an excuse to practice it as an art. But day in and day out with nothing to cook but the plainest food, and no company to serve as an excuse for an extra dish or two, cooking became tiresome; and Drusilla was glad to get away from the kitchen.

is this little old man, and what makes him look so funny?"

"I couldn't tell you that, honey," replied Miss Elvira. "He says he comes from a foreign country not far from here. He wanted my brother to visit it with him one day, but brother thought maybe the man was up to some prank or other, and he didn't go. He comes here occasionally and mends around. We think he is hunting for something that he lost a long time ago. First and last, I reckon we've all lost something that we'd like mighty well to find." She made this last remark with a sigh.

"Would he hurt anybody?" Sweetest Susan asked.

"Oh, no!" replied Miss Elvira. "Brother didn't know him well when he asked him to go with him to the foreign country not far from here. I heard brother say the other day that he wished the man would ask him again; but he never has, and I hardly reckon he ever will. He says his name is Wally Wanderoon."

Buster John said no more, but he proposed to the others, after awhile, that they go back down the road and see if they could find the little old man. Drusilla didn't like the idea much.

"You all see like you use ter be; freedom ain't changed you a bit."

Drusilla had in fact that freedom was a matter that should change individuals as well as the whole faces of the world. Perhaps she was right in that, in spite of her ignorance; but freedom, like other blessings, must be bought with a price in order to come at the essence thereof.

"I ain't got no better sense dan ter go wid you, but I tell you right now," she went on, "I ain't gwine ter run my head in no hog's nose. I done went wid you all un' de spring, but I ain't gwine in no mo' holes in de ground. I tell you dat fact plain."

"To hear you talk," remarked Buster John scornfully, "people would think that you had been in great danger. But when did you get hurt when you went with us?"

"Well, I des es soon be hurt es ter be skeer'd dey ain't nobody been skeer'd. Dar's Miss Susan! tell you de same."

"Yes, I was frightened sometimes," said Sweetest Susan, laughing, "but I knew all the time that there was nothing to be frightened at. I knew it was all a dream, or something very like it."

"Yes," said Buster John sarcastically—boys of thirteen can be very sarcastic—"Aaron is a dreamer's son. A dreamer is a dream; everything is a dream."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," protested Sweetest Susan. "I meant that it was all a queer thing that seemed like a dream. I remember that you said so yourself, and you know very well that you couldn't persuade mother that we hadn't been dreaming."

"Well, you know what grandfather said," Buster John insisted; "he said that when two or three people dream the same dream it is not a dream but a fact." Sweetest Susan declared.

"Dream! I say dream!" exclaimed Drusilla indignantly. "You can't fool me; ef you wantter fust yo'set go ahead an' do it, but don't come an' tell me 'bout dreamin' when you got bote eyes wide open an' all yo' senses 'bout you!" (To be continued.)

GOOD HOTEL TOWN.

The Drummer Knows a Good Thing When He Sees It.

SOUTH BOSTON, VA., Feb. 21.—The Hotel Vernon, which has been temporarily closed for repairs and thorough renovation, will be opened again within a short time by Mrs. C. H. Jordan, of Republican Grove. Everything from pit to dome will be new.

The "Garland," which was opened more than a year ago by Mr. R. H. Dowdy, has been crowded nearly all the time. Commercial travellers who formerly avoided South Boston as a stay-over place on Sunday now seek it above all others. Last night Miss R. V. Lawson entertained her friends delightfully. It was a guessing party and was greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

Major J. M. Carrington and Mr. W. D. Hill have returned from Alabama, where they have been viewing lands.

Messrs. W. D. Hill and Company, real estate agents, who have been instrumental in bringing large numbers of farmers from the Northwest and locating them in Alabama, will establish a branch agency in Alabama, in what is known as the black belt.

Miss Laura M. Stobbs and Rose Watkins, two of Halifax's most beautiful young ladies, who have been spending the winter in Florida and Cuba, have returned home.

Miss Cabell Watkins, of Buffalo Lithia Springs, is the much-admired guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins on Logan Street.

Miss Minnie Morton, of Clarksville, is visiting Mrs. Thomas F. Fry, Main Street.

Miss Grace Phillips, of Richmond, who has been the companion of Misses Stebbins and Watkins in their tour of the

crisis which forced them to a choice between two imperatives.

If they valued their claim to constitutional protection of their property and domestic institutions, allowed the executive and legislative departments of the United States to nullify constitutional guarantees, and subverted the Legislature of Northern States should treat as empty words the decisions of the supreme court, they would but abandon their natural fortress for the open country, and be thereafter dependent upon the caprice of a sectional majority.

Experience has taught them that every concession made to fanaticism but whetted the appetite of that raving beast for further aggression. Within ten years the cry of the "fading facade" had changed from "compromise" to "surrender." The ultimate fate of the weaker section, if a policy of submission should be accepted, was plain as the handwriting on the wall.

At the feast of Belshazzar, No. slavery alone was involved, but the sanctity of the constitutional compact and all the rights of the States which that involved, and under a government, controlled and administered by the experiments of a "higher law," the only measure of forbearance in the denial of their rights, antagonism to their interests, confiscation of their property, would be the unselfish policy and elastic conscience of a party which had canonized John Brown as a hero, and Chief Justice Taney for deducing the law according to the law, and had denounced the Constitution as "a league with Satan and a covenant with hell."

On that road lay no safety, but on the contrary self-sufficiency, treason to their convictions, humiliation and ultimate ruin.

THEIR ALTERNATIVE.

The alternative was to revert to the theory and practice of their Revolutionary sires, to insist that the consent of the governed was an essential to the legitimacy of any establishment; to reaffirm the doctrine of Franklin and Adams and Jay of the inherent right of a people to abolish and withdraw from a government which had ceased for them to subserve the purposes for which formed; to commence aggression; to make no demands outside of their own territory, but to assert and exercise the reserved rights of every party to a violated contract, the right to cease membership in a union which was no longer administered by the letter or spirit of the Constitution which created and defined its powers, and to erect within their own borders a structure adapted to their needs, consistent with their domestic rights and institutions.

Thus, one by one, with deliberation and dignity, the States that had vanished country decided to secede, and the secession was proclaimed in solemn form, declared their pacific purposes, justified their action in almost the very language which the colonies addressed to Great Britain in 1776.

Montgomery to launch a new ship of state upon the sea of experiment.

The answer (for the episode of Fort Sumter has no significance in determining the question of overt aggression) was the claim of a right of mankind in that fair land rallied to a flag which stood for constitutional liberty, as the fathers of the republic had asserted and defined it, and against despotic rule and coercion by bayonets, as George the Third had exercised.

Horses Still With Us.

Despite the inroads of the automobile and the electric trolley, the number of horses in the United States is estimated to have been 15,533,224 in 1902 and to have increased to 15,557,373 in 1903. The demoralization of the horse by self-propelling vehicles has evidently not been very effective—Omaha Bee.



Just Try to Get Well

Find out what I know.

Learn why my offer is possible.

Write me a postal—that's all.

Then I will mail you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds the cost is \$5.50. If it fails I will pay the druggist myself, and your mere word shall decide it.

Note What That Means

No matter about your prejudice and doubts.

They are natural—but put them aside for once.

Look at it this way: If my treatment succeeds, you are well. If it fails, it is free.

Your whole risk is the postal you write.

And consider this: You see this offer every where, and thousands every week accept it.

Don't you realize that I must be curing these thousands, else the offer would ruin me?

And can't you believe—in view of the faith I show—that my vast experience may have solved a way to cure you?

Don't be too hesitating when your health is at stake. Just try for a month to get well.

Then, if you are still doubtful, let your druggist send the bill to me.

My Method is This:

My Restorative strengthens the inside nerves.

It is my discovery—the result of my lifetime's work.

Instead of doctoring the weak organ, I bring back the nerve power which alone makes every vital organ act. I give it the strength to do its duty, just as I would give a weak engine more steam.

I nearly always succeed. My records show that 39 out of each 40 who get my Restorative on trial pay for it gladly, because they are cured. The best of other treatments cannot cure one chronic case in ten.

My book will tell you why.

Cut Out This Coupon

For want resolve to send for something but forget. Mark the book desired and mail this with your name and address to:

Dr. Shoop, Box 288, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 4 for Women.

Book 2 on the Heart. Book 5 for Men (sealed).

Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative on Trial

FINE SPEECH OF CAMERON

(Continued from First Page.)

of feeling victory, snatched from the very jaws of opposing fate! The pathetic spectacle of transcendent genius and almost superhuman valor fighting like Sisyphus the stars in their courses! The tender beauty of woman's ministrations and the brave, sweet faces which masked their aching hearts! The uplifting of souls to self-oblivion! The delirium of the headlong charge. The superb record of constancy, loyalty, and endurance, which lent rainbow hues to the most bloody annals! The flickering brilliance, the sunset of the Confederacy—of the last essays of desperate courage to avert the inevitable.

And then—the darkness fell. Exhausted by the very persistence and success with which they had protracted an unequal contest, those skeleton battalions, still standing grimly by their colors, and nothing left of all that makes up the best of man, the noblest of the invincible spirit which trial only tempers and that courage which rises with the demands upon it. In mercy and in justice to these incomparable veterans, the order for surrender was given. They had already won laurels not always placed upon victor's brow. And there was little room for triumph to the hosts that stood by in countless numbers and saw the thin processions of emaciated forms and worn faces, "tattered, bleeding, but brave," march on to give a last salute to the leaders they had followed so well and the flag they had worshipped.

When that was uttered, the last seal had been set upon the tragedy of the ages. In place of the once magnificent armies were a few thousands of haggard, footsore and heart-broken men, wending their painful ways towards ruined homes and desolated plains. "To the victors belong the spoils," said the old adage, and the victors, at the birth, they were the last mourners at the grave of the vanished nation.

Dear country of the soldier's dreams. Hall and farewell! The night falls upon a land of mourning and slurs, peopled by ghosts and by memories.

Comrades: To others than ourselves and our own people we cannot explain, and we would not make apology, that the four years we spent as soldiers of the Confederacy, despite the trials and losses that attended and the unpeakable disaster that crowned them, are treasured in and sanctified to our hearts of hearts as the best and proudest and dearest experiences of our lives.

We could not forget them if we would. We would not forget them if we could. Nay, remembering and recalling all that struggle cost—the priceless lives, the agonized faces, the rapine, the devastation, the impoverishment, the war, and the political and social evils that caused the period of reconstruction—re-creating all the agony of impotent heroism, the agonized prayers, of unfruitful sacrifice, of unavailing oppression, of political persecution, and of social outrage—still I declare—and know that I speak for you in declaring—that we would not turn back the tide of time and have expunged the record of that heroic fight for freedom and for freedom, not if all that was wasted could be restored, not even could our dead be given back to us and made as if we were never dead.

ACCEPTED NEW DESTINY.

We have long ago accepted the new destiny, as loyally as we battled to avert it. We are pledged without reserve to the future of the nation; and out of the wrecks of our ancient fortunes and systems we have built a new industrial and political South. We have confronted rude fortune with a courage no less than that the Confederate soldier displayed upon the field. There is no stain upon the faith we pledged when the hard tutelage of reconstruction was ended and we renewed allegiance to the United States government. Our representatives are in Congress, striving with fidelity to legislate for the good of the whole country. Once and again in recent years our sons have answered the drum beat of the Union and rallied to the flag which Washington made illustrious at Yorktown, and Scott at Lundy's Lane, and Davis at Vicksburg, and Lee at Appomattox. And but now, in supreme evidence that we hold the new bond of union to be one of fellowship, Virginia, has tendered, for a place in the Capital, a statue of her best and her loved son, the flower of Southern chivalry.

of feeling victory, snatched from the very jaws of opposing fate! The pathetic spectacle of transcendent genius and almost superhuman valor fighting like Sisyphus the stars in their courses! The tender beauty of woman's ministrations and the brave, sweet faces which masked their aching hearts! The uplifting of souls to self-oblivion! The delirium of the headlong charge. The superb record of constancy, loyalty, and endurance, which lent rainbow hues to the most bloody annals! The flickering brilliance, the sunset of the Confederacy—of the last essays of desperate courage to avert the inevitable.

And then—the darkness fell. Exhausted by the very persistence and success with which they had protracted an unequal contest, those skeleton battalions, still standing grimly by their colors, and nothing left of all that makes up the best of man, the noblest of the invincible spirit which trial only tempers and that courage which rises with the demands upon it. In mercy and in justice to these incomparable veterans, the order for surrender was given. They had already won laurels not always placed upon victor's brow. And there was little room for triumph to the hosts that stood by in countless numbers and saw the thin processions of emaciated forms and worn faces, "tattered, bleeding, but brave," march on to give a last salute to the leaders they had followed so well and the flag they had worshipped.

When that was uttered, the last seal had been set upon the tragedy of the ages. In place of the once magnificent armies were a few thousands of haggard, footsore and heart-broken men, wending their painful ways towards ruined homes and desolated plains. "To the victors belong the spoils," said the old adage, and the victors, at the birth, they were the last mourners at the grave of the vanished nation.

Dear country of the soldier's dreams. Hall and farewell! The night falls upon a land of mourning and slurs, peopled by ghosts and by memories.

Comrades: To others than ourselves and our own people we cannot explain, and we would not make apology, that the four years we spent as soldiers of the Confederacy, despite the trials and losses that attended and the unpeakable disaster that crowned them, are treasured in and sanctified to our hearts of hearts as the best and proudest and dearest experiences of our lives.

We could not forget them if we would. We would not forget them if we could. Nay, remembering and recalling all that struggle cost—the priceless lives, the agonized faces, the rapine, the devastation, the impoverishment, the war, and the political and social evils that caused the period of reconstruction—re-creating all the agony of impotent heroism, the agonized prayers, of unfruitful sacrifice, of unavailing oppression, of political persecution, and of social outrage—still I declare—and know that I speak for you in declaring—that we would not turn back the tide of time and have expunged the record of that heroic fight for freedom and for freedom, not if all that was wasted could be restored, not even could our dead be given back to us and made as if we were never dead.

ACCEPTED NEW DESTINY.

We have long ago accepted the new destiny, as loyally as we battled to avert it. We are pledged without reserve to the future of the nation; and out of the wrecks of our ancient fortunes and systems we have built a new industrial and political South. We have confronted rude fortune with a courage no less than that the Confederate soldier displayed upon the field. There is no stain upon the faith we pledged when the hard tutelage of reconstruction was ended and we renewed allegiance to the United States government. Our representatives are in Congress, striving with fidelity to legislate for the good of the whole country. Once and again in recent years our sons have answered the drum beat of the Union and rallied to the flag which Washington made illustrious at Yorktown, and Scott at Lundy's Lane, and Davis at Vicksburg, and Lee at Appomattox. And but now, in supreme evidence that we hold the new bond of union to be one of fellowship, Virginia, has tendered, for a place in the Capital, a statue of her best and her loved son, the flower of Southern chivalry.

of the brigade formerly A. P. Hill's, and was considered for gallantry and efficiency at Seven Pines in the seven days' campaign around Richmond, at Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg. In 1863 his brigade was assigned to the division of Major General Garrettsville, the front line of the memorable assault at Gettysburg. Leading his men against the belching batteries on Cemetery Hill he shared the glory of that brilliant charge with Artillery, Garrettsville and Hunter. Felled by a shot on the crest of that wave of heroism which has been called "The High Tide of the Confederacy," his life was long and despaired of, and he was never able to take the field again.

His career subsequent to the war was honorable and useful. His positive character and robust intellect earned speedy recognition of his capacity for leadership in the civic arena.

In the consolidation of the conservative political and social elements, which became essential to the safety of the State as a result of negro outrages and other revolutionary features of reconstruction, he came prominently before the public as a man of firm convictions, independent of party and the truth, and a wise in council. Nor was it long ere Virginia honored him with a position of trust commensurate with his talents and deserts. He entered the Governor's office in 1874 and administered the duties with a fidelity and ability which sustained the best traditions of the Commonwealth and earned for him the respect of every class of his constituents.

Thereafter he never left the shades of private life. He survived to see his beloved State well started on a new era of prosperity and happiness, and he died in the fullness of his days, his name still shining as the stars in the summer above his native mountains.

Such, in pregnant brevity, is the life record of the gallant officer, honest gentleman, and statesman of our time. We are here to-night to honor and perpetuate.

His epitaph might be written as of one who never shirked a duty, evaded an obligation, flinched at the truth, or shrank before a danger, nor betrayed a trust.

Commander, through you I now give to the guardianship of Lee Camp the portrait of General James L. Kemper.

INSANITY IS NOT ON THE INCREASE

(Continued from First Page.)

lists of applications. According to the report of the Southern hospital for 1902, a good many of the old insane and apparently harmless cases were sent to county almshouses. Some of these have been already recommended, sent to jail and returned to the hospital.

Like the statistics referred to above, the fact of the over-crowding of the hospitals is also misleading. If it be taken as an evidence of the increase of insanity among our people, for it may be accounted for, in part at least, by other causes. Among these is the fact that it has become a quite common custom to send to the hospitals persons who have no specific mental ailment, their minds being merely weakened